
Title: Gholad

Author:

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A shroud covered
skeleton with a wicked
scythe is sketched on
this dusty tome.
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Death
I looked, and there before
me was a pale horse. Its
rider was named Death,
and Hell followed close
behind him.

Perhaps the most feared
of all the Horsemen is
Death. Riding a pale horse
in his skeletal glory he
comes for the living,
claims their souls with
his scythe and consigns
them to Oblivion.